The Sketch

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WIFE AND DAUGHTER OF THE "LONGSTOP HILL" V.C.

MRS. ANDERSON *is the wife of Lieut. (Temp. Captain, Acting Major) John Thompson McKellar Anderson, D.S.O., the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who has won the V.C. for gallantry in Tunisia. On April 23, St. George's Day, Major Anderson, with four officers and fewer than forty men, captured the famous enemy stronghold, "Longstop Hill." Further at-home portraits of Mrs. Anderson and baby* JANET ANDERSON *appear on other pages of this issue.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY L.N.A.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

"Come away, Maud—quick! It 's an unexploded shell!"

DRAWN BY DENNIS MALLET.

The Vital Spark. At last! The spark is struck, the flame is lit! Friends watch me with fascinated gaze as I whirl the wheel, wearing a groove in my index finger, and usually one of the more infuriating kind of Job's Comforters says pityingly, "Here, old man, have a match!" Others observe helpfully, "You want a new flint," or "You want some more juice." Suppressing my first rage, I disregard them all. We Kemps are not of the stuff that is defeated by the malice of modern mechanical ingenuity. My great-grandfather went on snapping his flintlock until it fired at Waterloo, my grandfather always lit the fire with flint and tinder, even if it took him all day—and, for that matter, my more remote ancestors could produce a merry blaze by just rubbing two sticks together. I am thinking of reverting to their technique; it would save a lot of trouble, but, unfortunately, I can't get any sticks without a licence from the Fuel Controller. And so, undaunted, I go on whizzing the wheel and wearing my finger to the bone, and in the long run produce a flame—even if I have to take a match to it, as I frequently do.

Peace Hath Her Victories.

I mention this not because I want to dwell either on my own private sorrows or my qualities of patience and determination; but because this futility lighter of mine is, in many ways, a symbol and epitome of the difference between war and peace. It reminds one, in the first place, of the wanton extravagances of the days of plenty, when an inch-and-a-half of nice, fresh timber was of no account whatever. Those were days when we used expressions like "for two pins" and "not worth a row of pins"—yes, believe it or not, a *whole row* of precious, priceless, unprocurable pins! Again, as I study the details of this infernal machine, which, though it eventually does the work, is not by any means a reliable performer, I realise how much care and skill must go into the efficient manufacture, in normal times, even of the commonest article. Finally, for this temperamental toy I pay more than five shillings, of which half-a-crown goes to the Exchequer. Such is war, and such is the most trivial (but not the least significant) of its effects. Among the many post-war plans, I want to see one for intensive production of utility which is reliable; but I have a suspicion that the more "controlled" it is, the less certain it may be.

The Arcadians. However, at the moment I would rather not think about utility, because I am planning a brief period of complete uselessness. I am poised for one week's holiday, which is all that I expect or ask this year; and, since you have raised the question, yes, my journey *is* really necessary, and it will be an extremely short journey, because, in these days, any holiday which involves a long journey is not only unpatriotic, but is no holiday at all. Had circumstances been different, there would, I suspect, have been a proposal from an Influential Source for a visit to the seaside; and it is, to me, one of the substantial compensations of this war that no such proposal is possible. Simple rusticity is the programme, without so much as a cinema to disturb the Arcadian calm; I am hoping that there is not even a siren (in the Pickwickian or C.D. sense) in the village. For transport and giddy pleasure, a bicycle—in fact, two bicycles; for gentle relaxation, the bar-parlour and the bowling-green of the inn. For the rest, plain living and high thinking. If you think it sounds dull, that is only because you are over-sophisticated by the Riviera. My own feeling is that Cannes and Monte are not what they used to be. So I'm for Hogsnorton every time. It has one great advantage—you can't go broke there on a System, not even at shove-ha'penny.

The Candidate: "My family have always been associated with the sea, gentlemen. Even to-day my pater is the chief ledger clerk with a big shipping company."

DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

Make Your Mind a Blank.

There arises this question of literature. The amount I read will depend, no doubt, largely on the barometer; but in any case it will, as I know from long experience, be less than half of what I *intend* to read. There are several majestic works, like Buckle's "History of Civilisation" and Spengler's "Decline of the West," which I have repeatedly taken with me on long voyages and holidays, but I have never got through them yet, and I am not going to try this time. After

all, one can't do everything, and if darts interfere with literature, one must simply give up literature. I suppose I *ought* to read "War and Peace," as everybody else is doing so, or pretending to do so, but I read it many years ago, and I consider that once is enough in a lifetime. Besides, it is not so long ago that I read "Gone with the Wind" from cover to cover, and one cannot keep up these Marathon performances indefinitely. And so I am in this unfortunate and (as you may think) ridiculous position, that there are large fields of literature which I have never explored, and there are thousands of volumes on my own shelves, but, just as every woman with scores of frocks hasn't a thing to wear, so I, with scores of classics, haven't a thing to read.

Pepping up Parliament.

In this dilemma my thoughts are turning to "Hansard," because I see that Commander King-Hall says that "Hansard" is bright and lively reading for the million. Let us, therefore, have it on all the bookstalls and by all our bedsides. There seem, however, to be two schools of thought about this, because Lady Astor is reported as having recently said—yes, and in the House of Commons itself !—that "it is hard enough to have to fight for the country without having to read 'Hansard.'" I cannot help thinking that in this severe dictum the Hon. and Noble Lady does less than justice to the utterances not only of her fellow-members, but of herself. I cannot pretend to be a constant reader of "Hansard," but whenever I have occasion to look at it, I find much to admire, especially the excellent grammar of many Hon. Members. It is depressing in a democracy that the electors should not be more interested in the oratory of their representatives. I do, however, suggest to Commander King-Hall that the format should be a little pepped-up for popular consumption. A few illustrations might help (if not too realistic), and some snappy advertisements, competitions, football pools and crosswords would brighten the pages; and why not a "Heard in the Smoking Room" column, or a series of "What is your Favourite?" interviews, to lend the human touch?

Cold Print.

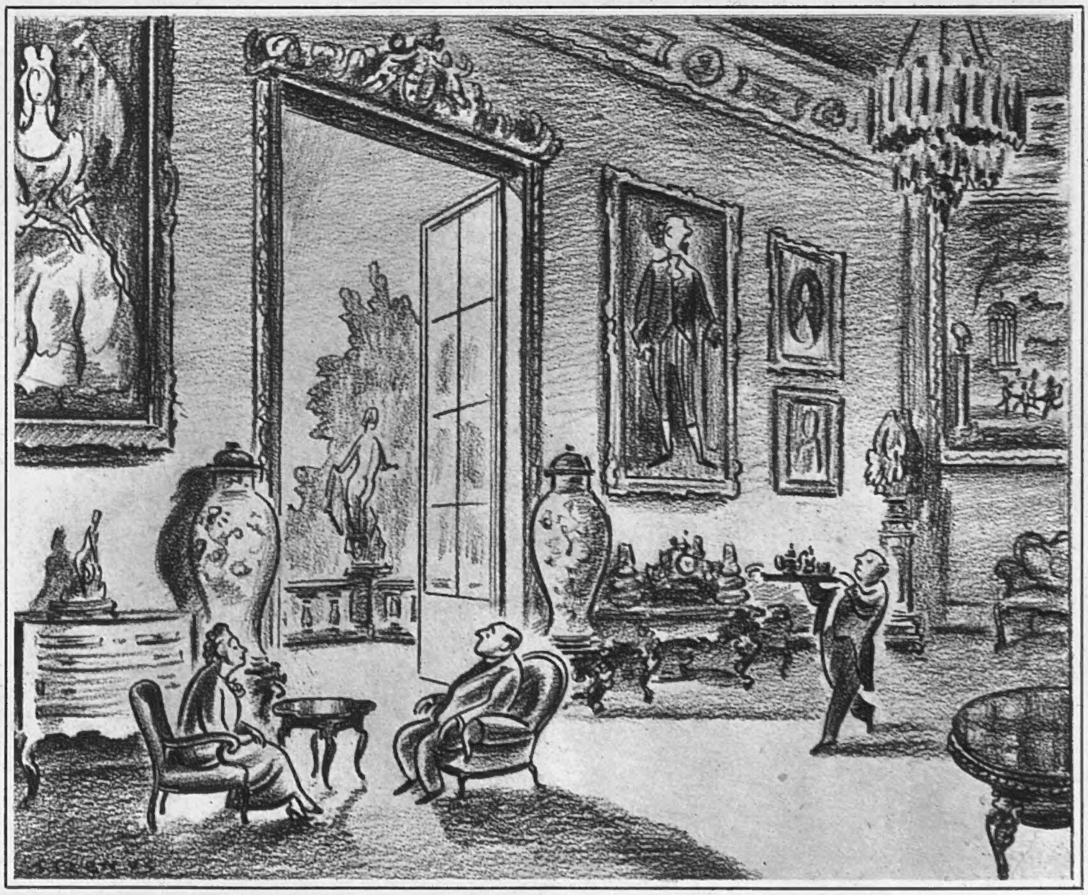
Members need something like this to bring them nearer to the Great Heart of the People, because they get a raw deal from the newspapers nowadays. It must be very discouraging to a back-bencher who has at last caught the Speaker's eye, and has delivered himself of an impassioned oration, which has been boiling up for months, to find his burning periods next morning away down in the small print, summarised thus: "Col. Mustard-Pickle (Ketchup, N., Ind.) said that the Government ought to proceed with caution in the matter." Another injustice is this: many, I expect, like myself, read their Parliamentary reports in *The Times*. Now, I consider it my duty as a citizen to find an opportunity, at some time during the day or evening, to keep abreast of *The Times*, but the opportunities are limited and sometimes rather hurried, and just when I think I have got through, I come across "Parliament" on a back page. The shameful fact is that I had forgotten all about Parliament, and I do not think it fair to spring it on me like that when I thought I had been let off. All I have time for is to see whether Mr. Such-and-Such has been asking any more silly questions, and the result is that Col. Mustard-Pickle gets even less attention from me than he gets from the reporters, or even from his constituents in Ketchup—which is very rough on a conscientious Member.

Feet of Clay.

Nevertheless, whenever I do read the Parliamentary report, I find it most instructive to see what subjects really interest our legislators. For instance, stockings. Somebody (egged on by his wife) has only to ask a question about stockings, and the whole House perks up wonderfully. The last time the subject was mentioned, a Member, with a strong sense of justice, asked why men should not go without socks? Nobody seemed to know the answer; and, frankly, I don't know the answer myself. When, however, it was suggested (I fear not entirely in earnest) that Members might set an example by coming down to the House without socks, the proposal was received with marked coldness. Thomas Carlyle (an authority on smart dressing) said that imagination reeled at the thought of a naked Duke of Windlestraw addressing a naked House of Lords; and I suppose Members felt like that about sockless Ministers addressing sockless legislators. Besides, we do not want to encourage any more cold feet and hot heads in politics. It is remarkable already how the two things often seem to go together.

"Any Stilton, waiter?"
"No, Sir—only Woolton."

DRAWN BY PITTS.



Proud Mother: **"This morning we heard from our son in the Army, and—isn't it wonderful?—he's now earning an extra threepence a day!"**

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

Murder Will Out.

I like, too, in looking for gems in my Parliamentary report, to note the frankness which is sometimes unexpectedly displayed by Ministers. With what disarming candour, for example, does Mr. Brendan Bracken observe: "I do not intend to ask the House

[Continued overleaf.

"... and what are you interested in, Mr. Higgins?"

DRAWN BY KAY.

Continued.]

for power to stop the publication of pamphlets, because if the Minister of Information is given too much power, he is bound to abuse it." If I thought that Mr. Bracken would understand me (which I am sure he wouldn't) I should like to tell him, with the utmost respect, that he has there said a mouthful. More, I should like to hang his words, surrounded by an illuminated border, as a text in every Ministerial sanctum, and emblazon them on the walls of the House of Commons itself. All the same, I am bound to add that if drastic Ministerial powers are to be exercised on anything, I should have thought (to judge by the specimens I get) that pamphlets would have been a very good subject for them. However, Mr. Bracken thinks otherwise, and, as he has authorities like John Milton on his side, I won't argue with him.

Free Will and Free Drill.

Here is another piece of candour from somebody who has never failed in candour—and that is not the least of the reasons why he has retained the public confidence. I mean the Prime Minister; and this is what he said of you and me not long ago: "They [*i.e.*, the British] have many martial qualities, but they certainly do not like drill." I am sure that the Prime Minister did not mean this sentiment to be taken too literally by the Home Guard. Nor, of course, by any of H.M. Forces whatsoever. For, when it is necessary, we can drill as well as anybody in the world—ask the Guards! Nor do I think that there is anything unpleasant about drill in itself. My own recollection is that there is a big thrill about being an efficient part, however insignificant, of a smart drill movement. There was once a Sergeant-Major—peace be to his bones!—who put some parade smartness into me; at least, that was *my* opinion, and what he thought was his own affair. I have never respected anybody more, or ever been so anxious to please as when his all-seeing eye was upon me. I was almost fond of him, which is not usual with Sergeant-Majors. What Mr. Churchill meant, I think, is that we are a free-willing and free-drilling, but not a goose-stepping race.

"I wish you'd watch your spellin', Miss—you've filed my sandwiches under 'Z' again!"

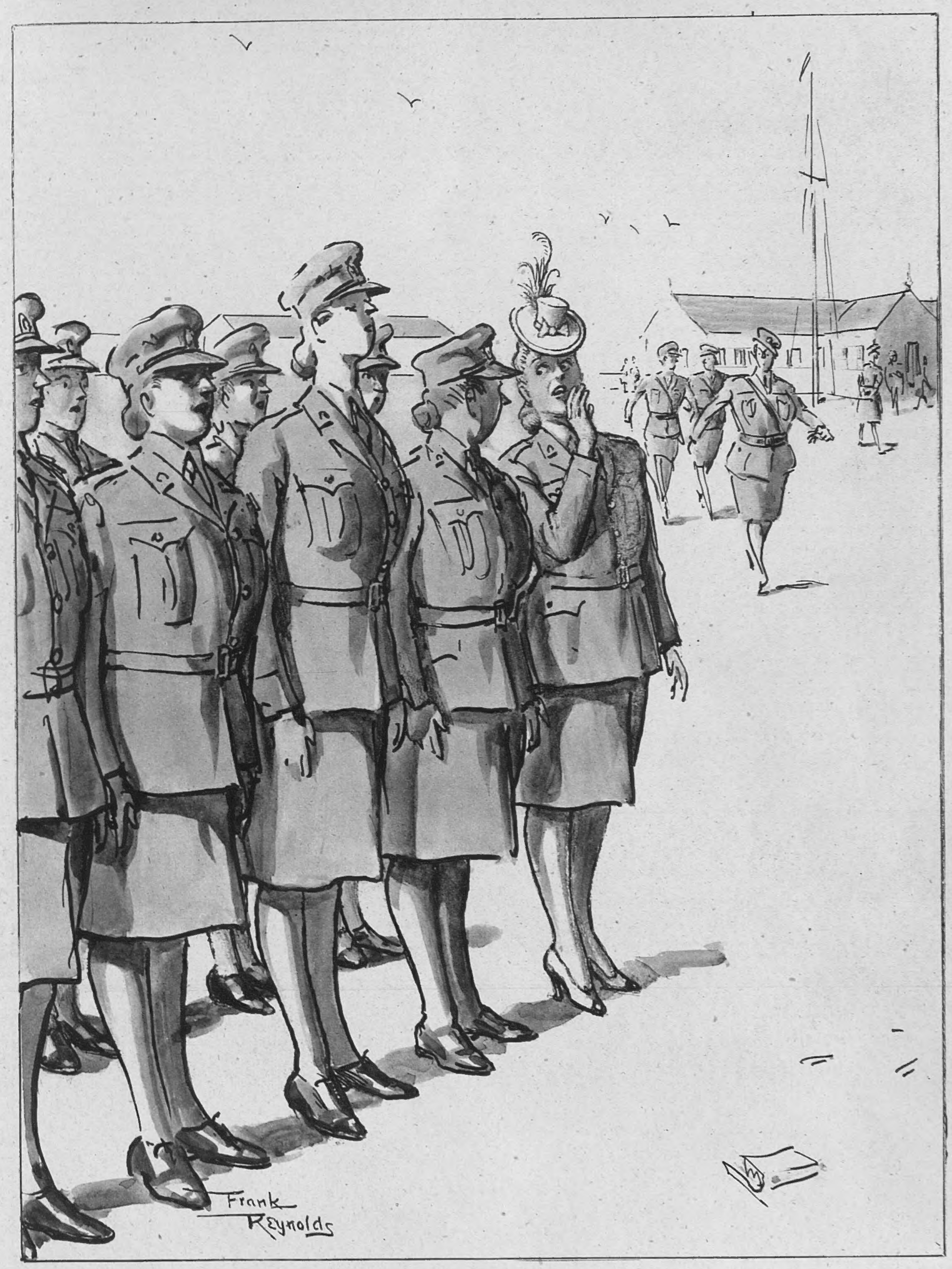
DRAWN BY JAYCOT.

Epitaph. This is written by way of postscript. That simple, rustic holiday in idyllic surroundings—'twas but a dream! You can't go for a holiday, complete with bicycle, if you have put your sacro-ileax out of joint. You don't know what the sacro-ileax is? Neither do I, and I am not at all sure that I have spelt it correctly; but it is somewhere in the lumbar regions and, believe me, if it is unhinged, you are a mere masseur's plaything. Thank you for your sympathy, but, as a matter of fact, it isn't my sacro-ileax but somebody else's. All the same, no holiday; so I am writing "Motley Notes" instead, just to give myself a treat. But it *was* a nice holiday, one of the nicest I have ever had, and I shall always look back on it wistfully.

From Fred May's sketch-book comes this unit of the ROYAL SIGNALS *(full official title—Royal Corps of Signals), which has, he says, a strong Scottish flavour. Supported by a number of his officers, the C.O., Lieut.-Colonel F. Jones, stands easy in the centre.*

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

The sixty-seventh of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

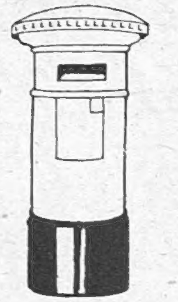


"PHEW! . . . I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO BE LATE FOR PARADE!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—Faith and the Conductor have come back from their honeymoon and settled down in Faith's house. The Conductor sold his house a week after the wedding, and the only things he took to his new home were his clothes, his Ducks, his books, and his piano.

Faith has become extremely domesticated since her marriage, and walks up and down the Street all the morning in low-heeled shoes, carrying an enormous string bag with carrots in it. Charles is frightfully upset about this, for he likes his Faith exotic, but I keep telling him it is only a phase and will pass off in time.

"But she hadn't even powdered her nose," he wailed.

"No doubt she is in love, Charles."

"Love!" said Charles, with a snort. "If I'd known the effect it was going to have on her I would never have encouraged the match."

"Walks up and down the Street all the morning."

The Conductor is changed also, and has become rather he-mannish and dictatorial. This grieves me as much as Faith's unpowdered nose grieves Charles, but I am hoping that when the first fine careless rapture of matrimony has worn off he will become once more the shy and diffident Conductor we are all so fond of.

Lady B. and I went round to pay our first call one day last week and found them making a Puddle-Slush for the Ducks by the stream at the bottom of the garden. Faith was bounding about in a pair of dungarees rolled up to the knees, and was covered in mud. I was glad Charles couldn't see her. The Conductor looked much as usual, but then he always looks, more or less, as though he were about to make a Puddle-Slush, or had just made one.

"This is very enjoyable, I must say," said Lady B., sinking down, with a happy sigh, on to a garden seat.

I watched as long as I could bear it, but soon I had my shoes and stockings and skirt off and was shovelling mud too. When the Puddle-Slush was finished the Conductor fetched the Ducks, who, after a little tentative peering, flung themselves with joyful quacks into the mud. Little Henrietta, my namesake, was one of the first to take the plunge, followed by Phœbe, Ursula, Queenie, and the Rest.

"Aren't they sweet?" I said, but the Conductor only nodded. One of the sad things about the Conductor's marriage is that, though he is still very fond of them, he no longer looks upon the Ducks as his soul-mates.

Before we left, Faith and the Conductor asked Lady B. and Charles and me to dinner. They said they had something special to eat, and they wanted us to be their first guests. Lady B. and I were deeply touched by the invitation and it made things very awkward when Charles refused to go.

"I don't want to see her in an apron, all hot and shiny, serving the dinner," he said. "I'd rather remember her as she used to be. Besides, it will be a terrible dinner if Faith cooks it."

But Lady B. made enquiries and found that Faith and the Conductor had been lucky enough to engage a Married Couple to come and work for them. When Charles was convinced that there was absolutely no chance of Faith cooking the dinner, he consented to go.

"The Male Half walked in carrying a covered dish."

When we arrived, our Hostess greeted us looking so lovely in an ice-blue dinner gown that Charles was quite overcome by the sight of her.

"Promise me," he said, as he bent over her hand to kiss it, "promise me, darling Faith, that you will always look lovely and never do the cooking."

"If there's no one else, she'll damn well have to," said the Conductor, in his new manner.

"I couldn't let poor Edwin go hungry," said Faith.

"*Edwin?*" we said, opening our eyes very wide, and Faith pointed at the Conductor.

"I'm sorry," said Lady B. firmly, "but I just can't call the Conductor Edwin," and Charles and I agreed with her.

We had some very good cocktails which the Conductor called "Imitation très difficile White Ladies," and then we went in to dinner. There were candles on the table and the Male Half of the Married Couple pushed in our chairs in a pre-war manner. The Conductor asked me in a whisper whether I noticed that he smelt of drink, and I said yes, but it was no good being fussy these days.

The soup was excellent, and I decided that the Female was undoubtedly the Better Half of the Married Couple. The Male Half seemed to smell more and more strongly as the meal went on, but Charles said that even the smell of drink was a treat nowadays. The Conductor said that he'd enjoy it more if he didn't feel it was his own whisky.

"I can't think why the scent factories don't start some wartime popular smells," said Lady B. "Whisky, for one."

"Or steak and onions," said Charles.

"Pork crackling," said Faith.

"Liver and bacon," said the Conductor.

"Roast duck and green peas," I said, and could have bitten out my tongue for making such a tactless remark in the Conductor's house.

But the Conductor and Faith were smiling happily at each other across the candles. "That is a scent which I hope will assail your nostrils quite soon," said the Conductor, and the next minute the Male Half walked in carrying a covered dish, which he laid proudly, if a trifle unsteadily, on the carving-table.

"Not ——?" said Lady B. in a hushed voice.

"You don't mean to say——" said Charles.

"Found them making a Puddle-Slush for the Ducks."

"I just can't believe it of you, Conductor," I said.

"It's no good keeping 'em till they get tough," said the Conductor, sharpening the carving-knife with gusto.

The Male Half lifted the dish-cover with a flourish, and underneath was Henrietta. I knew it was Henrietta even before I looked at Faith and saw the gleam in her eye. It has always annoyed her that the Conductor called one of his Ducks after me.

I closed my eyes, and Lady B., who was sitting next to me, pressed my foot under the table. Presently a plate was put down in front of me and Lady B. whispered, "I am helping you to green peas and new potatoes."

I kept my eyes tightly shut, but the scent which, as the Conductor had put it, assailed my nostrils was too much for me, and after a few moments I opened them to see the Male Half, with shaking hand, pouring gravy on to my plate. The gravy was thick and brown and it surged gently, like the incoming tide, round the peas and new potatoes, and round two neat, sweet little slices of Duck with crisp, golden-brown skin down one side of them.

Charles and I had had a very light lunch of lettuce and cheese. I picked up my knife and fork.

I hate to have to tell you this, Robert, but I had a second helping of Henrietta.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

SPITFIRE VIEW OF A CHERRY PICKER!

A Spitfire pilot might perhaps have glimpsed a view like this when flying over the Garden of England, for the Kentish cherry crop has been a record one this year. Gathering in the harvest from a cherry orchard calls for a lot of energy and a certain amount of daring, so no wonder the little girl who has been left grounded while her mother climbs aloft is registering alarm!

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

HOLLYWOOD takes a rest from propaganda speeches, Commando raids and sinister little yellow men, and gives us the lighter side of war in "THE MORE THE MERRIER" (Gaumont). The piece, which is an acceptable diversion for us too, is concerned with America's home front and wartime Washington's famous housing shortage. In the national emergency, with eight girls to every man in Washington, and about eight hundred men to every house, a dazzling secretary in a Government bureau (Jean Arthur) makes a fine patriotic gesture. She decides to sub-let half of her tiny three-room apartment to some nice, quiet business girl. "It's perfectly simple," she says, "for two business people to share an apartment in these crowded times if they're systematic about it." Working, as she does, in the Department of Facts and Figures, she has no difficulty at all in roughing-out a practicable schedule. A and B are both to rise when the alarm-clock goes at 7. A will start for the bathroom at 7.01. B brings in the milk at 7.02, and at 7.05 puts on the eggs and coffee. A leaves the bathroom at 7.06 and B enters it at 7.10. A eats her eggs and drinks her coffee at 7.10; B at 7.17. A makes the beds and B washes the dishes, and by 7.29, not a minute later, A and B are fresh, fed and ready for another working day.

That is Miss Arthur's schedule, on paper. In fact, it works out rather differently. For B, who rents her spare room, turns out not to be a business girl at all, but a masterly match-making old industrialist (Charles Coburn). His own feelings towards his landlady, he quickly assures her, are merely motherly, but the situation is complicated when he sub-lets one-half of his half-apartment to a visiting aircraft expert (Joel McCrea). Mr. McCrea's feelings towards Miss Arthur, as you will readily appreciate, are not motherly in the slightest.

That's all there is to the plot of "The More the Merrier." But the characters are crisp, the direction is businesslike and the situations are worked for all they are worth—and sometimes a little more.

"BACKGROUND TO DANGER" (Warners) has been acclaimed as another "Casablanca," but not by this reviewer. True, Sydney Greenstreet is in it. Peter Lorre is in it. Those tireless, red-blooded Warner Brothers made it. Like "Casablanca," it is a good, rough-and-ready spy story set in a neutral country in wartime—there French North Africa, here Turkey. But I am unable to detect in it any evidence of the human values, the hot, tense atmosphere of intrigue and the shrewd writing and delivery of dialogue that made "Casablanca" such an out-of-the-ordinary distinguished film.

"Background to Danger" is based on an Eric Ambler novel, and as so often happens with adaptations, the author has provided a better blue-print than the architects have been able to follow. There are subtlety and suspense in the writing; plain take-it-or-leave-it action in the picture. Joe Barton (George Raft) is an American agent who is handed a mysterious envelope for safe keeping on the Baghdad-Istanbul express. The unknown girl who gives it him is murdered, and Barton himself arrested by a sinister official known as Colonel Robinson (Sydney Greenstreet). Rescued by yet another unknown, the Russian agent, Zalesoff (Peter Lorre), Barton learns that the envelope contains photostatic copies of a faked Russian plan to invade Turkey.

Colonel Robinson, working for the Nazis, wants the envelope badly. So do the Russians. So does our democratic hero. In the end—but why tell you the end of a plot that you've guessed already? There is no lack of movement in the yarn, and all the secret agents perform candidly in the best secret-agent manner. George Raft is tight-lipped and invincible in a snugly-belted, peg-top greatcoat. Brenda Marshall sketches a Soviet Comrade fresh from the campus. A few simple lines of German, such as "*Haben sie Ribbentrop gesehen?*" invest Sydney Greenstreet with the full authority of the Wilhelmstrasse. The danger in "Background to Danger" is sufficiently localised, but the background, you feel, might provide a more solid canvas for an American gangster film.

The chief impression left on me by the new Soviet film at the Tatler, called "RUSSIAN GUERILLAS," is of a barrage of words. Guerillas, it seems, are a chattersome lot. Not only have they a tendency to talk all the time, but when they get excited they talk terribly loud and terribly fast. They get excited a lot. Nor is that all. The way the film has been adapted for British audiences, they get excited in English as well as in Russian. A narrative commentary, "written and spoken by Herbert Marshall," has been superimposed on the original sound-track. This narrative embodies—or so one should imagine—all the gems of humour, the martial calls, the taunts, the backchat and the uplift speeches of the Russian dialogue. It even contains a proposal of marriage unique, I should say, in the history of courtship. The inducements offered by the lover to his lady are a home in the Arctic—"winds—snows—snows for thousands of miles." All this impersonation, plus a brief appearance as himself in the foreword, keeps Mr. Marshall frightfully busy for ninety minutes. It is a tremendous one-man show, if, as the credit title indicates, he really did it all unaided. Never again shall I dare to refer to him as "the other Herbert Marshall, not the film actor."

Of course, if you happen to like your films quietish, you may find all this a little disconcerting. I had a fancy myself, at moments, to see "Russian Guerillas" silent, for it seemed to me there was plenty of good, solid stuff behind the verbiage. The story, although it has a tendency towards overdrawn types, is simple but exciting. The Red Army evacuates and "scorches" a town threatened by the approaching Germans. A band of patriots, led by Kochet (V. Vanin) and a girl telephone operator (Marina Ladininia), take to the hills and wage guerilla warfare. After various unsuccessful attempts to capture them, the Germans plant a spy (B. Kulakov) in their camp, with instructions to keep headquarters informed of the guerillas' plans by radio.

THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

**Adelphi: "THE DANCING YEARS." Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

***Aldwych: "WATCH ON THE RHINE." Diana Wynyard, Anton Walbrook, Athene Seyler, Margaretta Scott. Anti-Nazis in the U.S.A.

**Ambassadors: "SWEET AND LOW." Revue with Hermione Gingold and Walter Crisham.

***Apollo: "FLARE PATH." R.A.F. "ops." Adrianne Allen.

**Cambridge: "HEARTBREAK HOUSE." Revival—Robert Donat Edith Evans, Isabel Jeans, Deborah Kerr.

*Coliseum: "IT'S FOOLISH, BUT IT'S FUN." Revue with Nervo and Knox.

***Duchess: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward's play. Kay Hammond, Cecil Parker.

*Garrick: "LIVING ROOM." Esther McCracken's third. Louise Hampton and Jane Baxter.

*Globe: "THEY CAME TO A CITY." New Priestley play with John Clements, Googie Withers, Ada Reeve.

**Hippodrome: "THE LISBON STORY." Play with music.

**New: OPERA by the Sadler's Wells Company.

**Palace: "HI-DE-HI." Hilarious revue, with Flanagan and Allen, Eddie Gray, Florence Desmond.

**Palladium: "BEST BIB AND TUCKER." Tommy Trinder and Co.

*Phœnix: "LOVE FOR LOVE." Congreve comedy with John Gielgud, Yvonne Arnaud, Angela Baddeley, Leon Quartermaine.

**Prince of Wales: "STRIKE A NEW NOTE." George Black's new revue, with the rising generation and Sid Field.

*Princes: "MAGIC CARPET." Musical extravaganza; with Sydney Howard and Cyril Fletcher.

**St. James's: "A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY." Turgenev comedy perfectly done, with Michael Redgrave, Valerie Taylor, Ronald Squire.

**St. Martin's: "CLAUDIA." Joyce Redman and Hugh Sinclair on an American farm.

**Saville: "JUNIOR MISS." Comedy with the accent on youth. Joan White, Peggy Cummins.

***Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

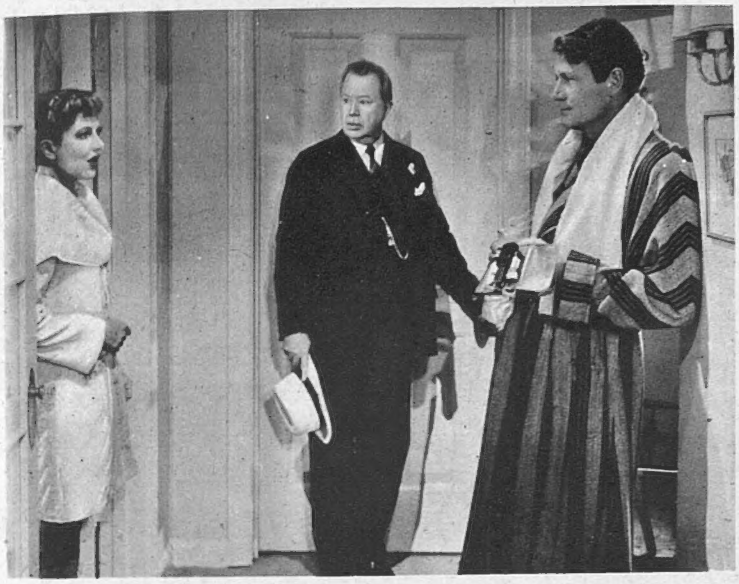
**Strand: "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE." Witty, murderous farce. Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naunton Wayne, Frank Pettingell, Edmund Willard.

*Whitehall: "THE MOON IS DOWN." John Steinbeck's book dramatised. Lewis Casson, Karel Stepanek, Carla Lehmann.

*Winter Garden: "THE VAGABOND KING." Revival—Webster Booth, Tessa Deane.

*Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre to avoid disappointment.



"The More the Merrier" (Gaumont, Haymarket, and Marble Arch Pavilion) stars JEAN ARTHUR *as Connie, Government employee;* CHARLES COBURN *as Benjamin, industrial tycoon;* JOEL McCREA *as Joe. Washington housing shortage becomes so acute that Connie lets a room in her flat from patriotic motives. Benjamin insists on renting it, and lets out half to Joe.*

In fact, life becomes so complicated in the flat that Connie is forced to work out a time schedule.

The telephone operator, who may be a Soviet comrade, but is also a blonde and a woman, unwittingly helps him to send his messages. But Kochet grows suspicious, and arranges to use the spy to lead the Germans into an ambush.

"Russian Guerillas" is the first film to be produced in the new Alma-Ata Studios in eastern Kazakhstan, the war-time evacuation address of Moscow's Central United Cinema Studios. The Alma-Ata Studios seem to be okay. The photography of "Russian Guerillas," although you haven't much leisure to observe it, is a quality job. There are some fine studies of faces, besides the usual pleasing shots of wide rivers, waving grain (a Soviet specialty) and delicate tracery of branches. The visual side of the picture, I should say, shows considerably more restraint and maturity than the aural. Perhaps little guerillas should be seen and not heard.

"PRESENTING LILY MARS" (Empire), in which Judy Garland is presented as Lily Mars, has nothing to do with the war in either hemisphere, and doesn't bother the audience much with cerebration of any kind. It is an unpretentious little story of a small-town girl who wants to act, adapted from a Booth Tarkington novel. The treatment isn't breath-taking, but the players are pleasant, and the piece succeeds pretty well in its modest ambition—which is to occupy an hour and three-quarters agreeably, and give the cash customers a bit of fun, a spot of sentiment, a snatch of music and a dash of love.

This Lily Mars is a piano-tuner's daughter from Indiana who aspires to be a Bernhardt. Her qualifications appear to be youth, looks, verve, a talent for swing, and the fact that her mother makes hats for a producer's mother. Successful careers, however, have been built on frailer foundations than this. It isn't long before the producer (Van Heflin) stops covering his face with his hands when Lily Mars approaches him with samples of her art. He finds she's an immatoor little actress, but a *good* little actress. He finds he loves her. He finds he wants to marry her. He finds she's just the star he needs for his Broadway production of "Where There's Music," with Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra.

Connie was lonely before the advent of Benjamin and Joe, but her new design for living involves social engagements as well as domestic upheavals.

Miss Garland is an expert little performer in her own line, and she plays the not-quite-Bernhardt very prettily. Actually, her *forte* is not so much solid acting as a kind of limpid, youthful exuberance. She likes pictures, you feel. She likes swing. She likes everybody. She likes everything. Love, she suggests, is terrible and wonderful. Swing is marvellous. She feels good about life, it would seem from her performance, and she wants to make you feel good, too.

Van Heflin, who plays the producer, is an actor of a very different order. Charming, effortless and persuasive though he is, you may feel he has strolled in to "Presenting Lily Mars" just to oblige somebody. If he has a passion for swing, he sufficiently conceals it. The drama pure, you feel, is his line; the word precise, and the gesture calculated. His natural good sense and his excellent training preserve him from giving triviality to an author's most trivial invention. He knows how to do the little things right; the tender touch on Miss Garland's hair, the nervous interjections, the brusque set of the glasses on the nose, the hundred-and-one significant trifles that help to create an individual out of a type-character. "Presenting Lily Mars," I should say, owes a good deal to Mr. Heflin, but Mr. Heflin himself seems ordained for higher prospects than "Presenting Lily Mars."

"Presenting Lily Mars" (Empire), new M.-G.-M. production with JUDY GARLAND, *is reviewed here.*

NOTABILITIES AND NEWS OF THE WEEK

This W.A.A.F. has driven the bomb-train up and, with her spaniel beside her, is watching the BOMBING-UP OF ONE OF OUR NEW TYPHOON FIGHTER BOMBERS, *which carry two 500-lb. bombs and can dive at more than 400 m.p.h. almost vertically on their targets.*

CORPORAL VALERIE BOOTH *(6½ stone) and* C.S.M. F. WILLIAMS *(20 stone) are the smallest and the largest A.T.S. and soldier in the Middle East. No. 1 Clothing Depôt, R.A.O.C., for special sizes, fitted them out in 18 minutes each.*

Left:
AIR COMDT. TREFUSIS FORBES, C.B.E., *Director, W.A.A.F., with* LORD BARNBY *at the W.A.A.F. Fourth Anniversary Dance at the Simpson Services Club, Piccadilly. Florence Desmond, Hermione Gingold, Walter Crisham, and others appeared in the cabaret.*

Right:
H.E. *the* CHILEAN AMBASSADOR, *Señor Don Manuel Bianchi Gundian, is giving an afternoon party on July 17 at Thankerton House, Windlesham, in aid of the Royal Naval War Libraries. An auction, a bridge tournament, and a cocktail bar will be among the attractions.*

MRS. ANTHONY EDEN *chatted with a number of the wounded men from Tunisia who were among the audience at the special Service Matinée of "The Magic Carpet" at the Princes Theatre which she helped to organise.*

MME. WELLINGTON KOO, *wife of H.E. the Chinese Ambassador, attended the openin[g] of the China Summer School at the Institute of Archæology, Regent's Park.* LAD[Y] *and* MISS RUNGANADHAM *are wife and daughter of the High Commissioner for Indi[a]*

RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.

These ROMANS AND ANCIENT BRITONS are *W.A.A.F. members. This pageant, "Women Through the Ages," was staged at a depôt to mark the fourth birthday anniversary of the W.A.A.F.*

"Stooge" is the PET FOX MASCOT *of some W.A.A.F. girls attached to a Balloon site. He is a handsome youngster, but apparently not very anxious to be photographed.*

Here's haymaking, modern style. These land-girls, the picture of sunburnt mirth, are bringing out the hay-wain on the fourth anniversary of the formation of the Women's Land Army.

VINA BARNDEN, *Australian pianist, pupil of Moiseiwitch, was soloist at a Promenade Concert, and played Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 2.*

MR. THOMAS ABDY COMBE, *Grenadier Guards, son of the late Mr. John Abdy Combe, married* MISS IRIS GRATTAN POWER, *daughter of the late Major Grattan Power, at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens.*

In March 1942 CECIL BEATON *was sent to the Near East to collect material for various reports and to take official pictures for the Air Ministry and the Ministry of Information. His new book, "Near East," with its first-rate photographs, vividly describes this trip. This camera self-portrait was taken in camp in the desert.*

A.T.S. officers are now eligible for General Staff appointments, and have a permanent Staff College. JNR. CDR. MARY MILLAR, SECOND LT. CYNTHIA OAKLEY, C.W.A.C., *and* SUB. DAPHNE LEYS *engaged in a 12-hours' "battle" exercise at H.Q.*

SQUADRON LEADER R. G. SEYS, SQUADRON LEADER F. M. GOBEIL, FLIGHT LIEUT. W. S. LONGHURST and FLIGHT LIEUT. C. W. H. THOMPSON *(l. to r.)—for piloting over to England the first air train that has ever crossed the Atlantic.*

LIEUT. J. R. DRUMMOND, R.N.—*for his abortive but plucky attempt to break the bank of Monte Carlo with a misc of torpedoes.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THE successful towing of a cargo glider across the Atlantic opens a new page in air history. This was achieved last week by SQUADRON LEADER R. G. SEYS, D.F.C., R.A.F., glider pilot, his co-pilot, SQUADRON LEADER F. M. GOBEIL, R.C.A.F., and FLIGHT LIEUT. W. S. LONGHURST, R.C.A.F., with FLIGHT LIEUT. C. W. H. THOMPSON, R.A.F., of N. Zealand, pilots of the towing aircraft, the R.A.F. Transport Command twin-engined American Dakota. The 3500 miles' journey from Montreal was covered in twenty-eight flying hours, and the 1½-ton load included vaccines for Russia, radio, aircraft and motor parts. Weather conditions, except on the first leg of the run, were mainly favourable. The tow-rope, seen in the left-hand picture, is of [*Continued opposite.*

FLYING OFFICER COLIN STELY *(seen in cab with Mrs. L. Gamage)—for being horse-drawn instead of air-borne when he left Buckingham Palace after receiving his D.F.C.*

Continued.]
Nylon, and in peacetime would have made many pairs of excellent stockings. The glider pilot must never for a moment take his eyes off this rope.

SUBMARINE COMMANDER LIEUT. J. R. DRUMMOND, D.S.C., R.N., was patrolling the French Riviera recently when he sank an enemy vessel. Next day, sighting another ship close inshore, he blew her to pieces, but two of his torpedoes missed and ran up the beach, exploding right under the Monte Carlo casino. With this little episode to his credit, Lieut. Drummond brings himself into line with the famous "Man who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo." Lieut. Drummond is the son of Vice-Admiral E. R. Drummond.

THIRTY-THREE members of the Australian and New Zealand Air Forces joined recently in a ceremony pledging their blood to the campaign for "British Blood for American Forces," headed by MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE as National Chairman. Seen with the flying men in the photograph is, seated in front, MRS. GWEN PRIESTWOOD, who escaped from a Japanese prison camp in Hong Kong and trekked 1000 miles to Chungking. Gertie Lawrence told the men all about the drive, which is enrolling Britons in America from coast to coast, which reached a climax on Empire Day in May, when a mass blood donation was given to the American Red Cross. The campaign has the personal interest of Lord Halifax, British Ambassador to the United States.

AFTER receiving the D.F.C. at a recent Investiture, FLYING OFFICER COLIN STELY, of the Royal Australian Air Force, left Buckingham Palace in a nice, old-fashioned hansom cab with the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage—a *dolce far niente* sort of transport for a flying man.

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE—*for opening a "British Blood for American Forces" campaign, with a décor of donors of the Australian and N.Z. forces, and Mrs. Priestwood, who escaped from Japan.*

MR. W. J. S. SMITH made passes at the huge 29-in. Ramon Allones cigar, which was offered for sale at Christie's last week in aid of the Red Cross. This enormous smoke is the biggest cigar ever made in Cuba. To-day the revenue duty on it alone would be £5. It was bought by Mr. Peter Lacon for £50.

MR. W. J. S. SMITH —*for toying tentatively with a cigar the like of which would cause even Mr. Churchill to pause before he tackled it.*

PROUD ANDERSON TRIO AT HOME: WIFE, SISTER AND DAUGHTER OF A ST. GEORGE'S DAY V.C.

Right: Chairing the daughter of the "Longstop Hill" V.C.: MRS. ANDERSON *and her sister-in-law,* MISS MARGARET SHEILA ANDERSON, *with* JANET.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A.

Kitchen garden harvest: MRS. ANDERSON *and* JANET *bring in a nice cabbage for lunch.*

THESE new snapshots of MRS. JOHN THOMPSON McKELLAR ANDERSON, wife of the "Longstop Hill" V.C., one of the two officers who won this most famous award in Tunisia on April 23, St. George's Day, were taken at her home at Bagshot, Surrey. She was Miss Moira Goddard, and is a daughter of Mr. R. S. Goddard, owner of Chessington Zoo. She married Major Anderson in 1940 and her little girl, Janet Mary, was born in 1941. Major Anderson was at Dunkirk, and was one of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders who came back with Major Lorne Campbell, V.C. He won the D.S.O. on March 3. At "Longstop Hill" he showed conspicuous gallantry and outstanding devotion to duty, taking command of the battalion and leading the assault in spite of being wounded. He was educated at Stowe and at Cambridge, where he was Captain of the First Trinity Boat Club in 1938-1939.

Janet in her "safety-first" swing seat, with Mrs. Anderson at the controls.

JANET ANDERSON, *now rising two, appreciates the lovely scent of the sun-warmed roses.*

THE YOUNG WIDOW AND SON OF A ST. GEORGE'S DAY V.C.

MRS. WILLWARD ALEXANDER SANDYS CLARKE, *widow of Lieut. W. A. S. ("Peter") Clarke, V.C., and her baby son,* ROBIN PETER CLARKE.

Mrs. Clarke, formerly Miss Irene Deakin, on the lawn of Dimple Hall, Egerton, near Bolton, Lancashire, her family home.

"Still fast asleep?" Mrs. Clarke notes the peaceful breathing of her baby son.

Mrs. Clarke and the baby with a large portrait of [th]e la[te] ... (North...

MRS. WILLWARD ALEXANDER SANDYS CLARKE is the wife of the late Lieut. W. A. S. Clarke, The Loyal Regiment (North Lancashire), who has been awarded a posthumous V.C. for his supreme gallantry in Tunisia on April 23, St. George's Day, when, at Guiriat el Atach, Tunisia, he wiped out three enemy machine-gun posts single-handed and was killed when attacking a fourth post. He comes of a family with a tremendously fine record, as he is related to four other V.C.s. He is a grandson of Colonel Sandys, of the King's

[*Continued opposite.*

N.B. A Coloured pi

MRS. W. A. S. CLARKE AND ROBIN PETER AT DIMPLE HALL.

Mrs. Clarke with baby Robin Peter, who was born two days before she received the official news of her husband's death.

By the lake: Mrs. Clarke and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Deakin, admiring the sleeping baby, Robin Peter.

late Lieut. Willward Clarke, ., The Loyal Regiment ancashire).

e is inserted in this issue.

"I think I'm too sleepy to play ball with you." Robin Peter Clarke ignores his mother's efforts to distract him.

Continued.]

Own, who had two cousins, the late Lord Roberts, a V.C. of the Indian Mutiny, and the late General Congreve, a Boer War V.C. Lord Roberts' son won the V.C. in the Boer War, and General Congreve's son received his in the 1914-1918 War. Before the war Lieut. "Peter" Clarke was a Bolton cotton man. He was educated at Uppingham. Two years ago he married Miss Irene Deakin, and these pictures were taken at Dimple Hall, Egerton, near Bolton, her family home. [PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A.]

FAMILY PARTY AT BARNWELL MANOR: T.R.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER AND PRINCE WILLIAM.

H.R.H. *the* DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER *with her son,* PRINCE WILLIAM, *who is looking very mischievous.*

Barnwell Manor, Peterborough, the country house of the Duke and Duchess, is a beautiful old Tudor house with mullioned windows.

PRINCE WILLIAM *finds a secure seat on the shoulders of his father, the* DUKE.

The LITTLE PRINCE *takes a hand in combing Zalie.*

PRINCE WILLIAM, *with his mother and Zalie, admires water-lilies on the moat. In the background is showing part of the ruins Barnwell Castle.*

THE only child of the DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, PRINCE WILLIAM HENRY ANDREW FREDERICK, will be two years old in December. These photographs were taken at the Duke's Northamptonshire seat, Barnwell Manor, Peterborough, a lovely Tudor house, with the ruins of ancient Barnwell Castle in the grounds. [The Castle belonged at one time to an ancestor of the Duchess, Sir Edward Montagu, Chief Justice in the reign of Henry VIII., who bought the property about 1540.] Barnwell Manor is in good hunting country, which suits both the Duke and the Duchess, who in peacetime are keen riders to hounds. And pleasantly near—six miles away—the Duchess's brother, the Duke of Buccleuch, has his English seat, Boughton House, Kettering.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STUDIO LISA.

CHURCHILL'S GUILDHALL SPEECH ILLUSTRATED—150 YEARS AGO!

Mr. Churchill's stirring description of the British Commonwealth and Empire in his Guildhall speech is perfectly illustrated by this allegorical drawing by Philippe Jacques de Loutherbourg, R.A., made 150 years before the speech was delivered, for Loutherbourg was born in 1780 and died in 1812. The Premier spoke of the way in which the Dominions have never failed to respond, "with all the vigour of democratic institutions, to the trumpet-call of a crisis—the overpowering influence and impulses that make Canadians, that make Australians . . . that make New Zealanders and South Africans send their manhood across the ocean to fight and die." Loutherbourg's drawing shows embattled Britannia crushing the Fasces—emblem of the Axis powers—beneath her strong hand. Her lion roars into action, supported by the cubs, now grown to superb strength and power—one already embarked on an amphibious venture—and the sky is full of tumult, for winged and militant angels blow a fierce and irresistible blast against the enemy. What better symbolic picture could be made to-day, when the whole Empire and Commonwealth—India, Canada, Australia and New Zealand, South Africa and the Colonies—are fighting shoulder to shoulder and the British bombers and fighters dominate the skies?

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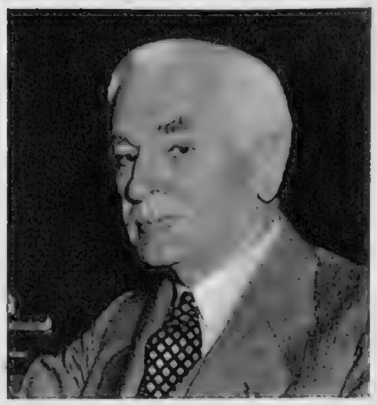
MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL *himself.*

The Winston Churchill of the film—DUDLEY FIELD MALONE.

CHARLES TROWBRIDGE *as Mr. Cordell Hull, U.S. Secretary of State.*



The real MR. CORDELL HULL.

MARSHAL TIMOSHENKO *in real life.*

KURT KATCH *as Marshal Timoshenko, with* WALTER HUSTON *as Joseph E. Davies.*

MR. JOSEPH E. DAVIES, *U.S. Ambassador to Moscow.*

M. LITVINOV, *Soviet Ambassador to the U.S.*

The M. Litvinov of the film—OSCAR HOMOLKA.

VLADIMIR SOKOLOFF *as President Kalinin.*

The real M. I. KALININ, *President of the Soviet Republic.*

"MISSION TO MOSCOW" THE FILM FIGURES AND THE REAL.

ANN HARDING *(left) plays the rôle of Mrs. Davies, with the real* MRS. JOSEPH E. DAVIES.

MANNART KIPPEN *as Marshal Joseph Stalin.*

MARSHAL STALIN *himself in real life.*

"MISSION TO MOSCOW" is due at the Warner Theatre shortly. This film is based on U.S. Ambassador Mr. Joseph E. Davies's book of his experiences during his term in the Soviet capital, and the ferment of events which preceded the second World War. We give here parallel figures of this dramatic piece of history—the chief personalities in real life, and their film counterparts, for comparison.

THE REAL ROMMEL AND THE VON STROHEIM FILM ROMMEL.

FIELD-MARSHAL ROMMEL, the "desert fox," German Commander in North Africa, as he is in real life.

ERICH VON STROHEIM'S *film presentation of Rommel. A scene from "Five Graves to Cairo," with* FRANCHOT TONE *as the British soldier Bramble masquerading as a waiter.*

Rommel himself on active service in the Western Desert in 1942.

The screen Rommel (ERICH VON STROHEIM) *interviews the French girl, Mouche* (ANN BAXTER). *Mouche accuses herself of killing Schwegler in order to let Bramble get away.*

"FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO" (Plaza) is a wartime drama with von Stroheim as Rommel. On this page we give stills from the picture for comparison with real-life portraits of Field - Marshal Rommel, Commander of the Afrika Korps, in order to illustrate the amazingly faithful likeness which von Stroheim achieves. The exciting story tells how Bramble, the British soldier, is disguised as a waiter and gains important information about the "five graves," or munition dumps. He shoots the German Schwegler who has guessed his identity, and Mouche, the brave French girl, takes the responsibility for this deed and is herself shot so that Bramble may get his urgent news through to the right quarter.

Dinner party at the German H.Q., with the screen Rommel as host, and the British soldier Bramble (FRANCHOT TONE) *waiting at table.*

ERICH VON STROHEIM *gives a remarkable impersonation of Field-Marshal Rommel in the new Paramount Picture "Five Graves to Cairo."*

MOST MOVING FILM—STEINBECK'S "THE MOON IS DOWN."

The unsuspecting Norwegian villagers are picnicking when the Germans arrive. The tiny militia troop is wiped out by Nazi machine-gunners.

The Mayor (HENRY TRAVERS) *bids good-bye to Alex Morden* (WILLIAM POST, *jnr.) who has been condemned to death for killing a German officer. Captain Loft* (HENRY ROWLAND) *has just read the sentence.*

At the moment when Alex Morden is facing the German firing-squad a bullet crashes through the window of the Mayor's house, and wounds one of the Germans who are occupying it. More bloodshed and reprisals follow.

" Come in, Lieutenant " : Molly Morden (DORRIS BOWDON), *widow of the murdered Alex, lures the German Tonder* (PETER VAN EYCK) *into her room, while concealing a powerful pair of scissors behind her back.*

Horror upon horror : five villagers are chosen at random and shot. Their weeping comrades are forced to be present, but turn their backs. However, they hear the victims sing as they die.

JOHN STEINBECK'S "The Moon is Down" is running as a play at the Whitehall. The 20th Century-Fox film version was due on July 12 at the New Gallery and Tivoli. The Germans have occupied a Norwegian mining town and tell the people they will not be hurt if they continue to mine the iron. There is sabotage, the mine is blown up, a German officer killed. Reprisals follow. When the Mayor and nine leaders are executed the people are forced to witness the scene. As the victims are about to die, explosions are heard—the mine is blown up again, and the crowd bursts into the Norwegian National Anthem to assure the martyrs that they do not die in vain.

The execution of the Mayor and nine other beloved leaders. As they are about to die more explosions are heard—the mine has been blown up again—and the people burst into the National Anthem.

TWO-
YEAR-
OLD

GAY GHOST
KAY
HAMMOND.

ENCHANTING ghost-wife of Noel Coward's frivolously spiritualist "Blithe Spirit" at the Duchess, KAY HAMMOND celebrated what we might call her second spiritual anniversary on July 2. This successful play opened at the Piccadilly Theatre in 1941, moved on to the St. James's in June 1942, and to the Duchess in October that year. Kay's frailly ethereal presence as she floats about the stage in a wraith-grey, flimsy confection, combined with her thoroughly earthy, naughty mind, cause endless trouble in Cecil Parker's household, for his second wife, Fay Compton, is the only person to whom she is disturbingly visible, until Fay follows Kay on to the astral plane. Then Cecil Parker has to stand the racket alone with two ghost-wives. Kay is the daughter of the late Sir Guy Standing, K.B.E. She studied for the stage at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and made her first appearance in 1927 at the Regent Theatre as Amelia in "Tilly of Bloomsbury."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CECIL BEATON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

MODEST heroes are apt to be a little self-conscious about their modesty; one respects them for this, but all the same it may become an irritating trait, almost as irritating as boastfulness. One of the pleasantest features in the very pleasant character of "Corporal Jack" is his open-minded attitude towards his own achievements. We cannot say that he was a hero *malgré lui*, for he was by nature a man of action, and the idea of swimming a couple of miles along the French coast with the Germans taking shots at him did not seriously affect his state of mind one way or another; it seemed the obvious thing to do, and having at last convinced the officer in charge of the besieged detachment that it was their only hope, he did it. When the experiment turned out badly and ended in his own capture, he did not waste time in self-praise or self-pity, but began to make plans for the long trek to England and freedom which is the subject-matter of this absorbing narrative.

Corporal Jack liked human beings, and on the whole they liked him; during his travels he met with innumerable instances of kindness; but, curiously enough, these tended to diminish the farther he got away from the war area. Having been in France since the outbreak of war, he knew enough French, he believed, to be able to pass himself off among Germans as a Frenchman or a Belgian. One of the Germans whose car he boldly volunteered to drive, thus giving himself a lift as well as them, guessed that he was English, but made no effort to detain him. He took endless risks of capture in cafés, once acting as a waiter, but he always got away. It was when he had swum the Cher into Unoccupied France that things began to go against him. Marseilles, where he was put into an internment prison, was a misery, and Spain, where he was again interned, was a hell. As the narrative proceeds, the difference in amiability between private people (including ordinary soldiers) and officials becomes ever more strongly marked.

Thoughtful Soldier.

Corporal Jack is that no doubt quite common phenomenon, a natural soldier without a war-mentality. He enjoyed danger, but he did not like killing, and his dreams were haunted by scenes of bloodshed. "Corporal Jack" is in essence a picaresque novel. The true picaresque novel gets its interest from the variety and vividness of the incidents in which the hero takes part, rather than from his reactions to them; and it might be argued that Mr. David Scott, who tells Jack's story, should have treated it more objectively and omitted some of the gallant corporal's reflections on life.

I wish I was a cow, thought Jack; I wish I was a dog or a sheep, or anything but what I am. What do they care about who governs them, or who owns the field next to theirs or whether the boundaries of the farm they live on are just here or there? . . . They fight sometimes, but their fights are soon over and they don't do much harm; they don't spend years building machines and explosives and aeroplanes to slaughter each other. Nobody orders them to go out and kill each other without knowing why; if anyone did, they'd take no notice. They'd just think he was mad and go on eating.

It might be argued that these Whitmanesque reflections, however interesting in themselves, are out of place in a narrative of this kind, but personally I think they enrich it. The corporal's independence of mind makes his observations the more valuable, just as his adventures are the more interesting for being seen through a temperament. One-damn-thing-after-another is all very well as a principle of story-telling, but the gain in objectivity is balanced, and sometimes outweighed, by loss of human interest. Jack's character is a little sentimental, and sometimes—since perforce it is seen nearly always in the aspect of reaction to danger or hardship—a little monotonous; but it remains continuously human and likeable.

As one flying man to another! This photograph is one of those to be used in Captain C. W. R. Knight's new book, "No Nazi Eagle." It was taken at his home, Montreal Park, Sevenoaks, and shows (l. to r.) his daughter JEAN, MR. ESMOND KNIGHT, *who was blinded in action during the sinking of the "Bismarck,"* MR. RAMSHAW, *Captain Knight's famous Scottish golden eagle, lately mascot of the Eagle Squadron, and* FLIGHT LIEUT. LESLIE HOYLE, *an old family friend.* [PHOTO.: G. P. KING, SEVENOAKS.]

A Malta Diary.

"Tattered Battlements" is a diary kept by a fighter pilot while stationed in Malta. Here we see the war in its mechanised aspect: to the pilot the preservation of his aeroplane is almost as important as his own life; while the tactics of air warfare are perhaps more important to him than the consciousness which puts them into operation. The airman's life is dedicated in a degree that the infantry soldier's is not; and thence it comes that the officers and men of the R.A.F. lead an existence specialised and apart—an existence which, like a monk's, needs an interpreter before it can be understood by the layman. Even their language is full of strange words which have to be learnt. "Fighter Pilot" makes few concessions to his reader's ignorance of technical terms; he writes as an airman for airmen—vividly, laconically, directly. His absorption in the technique of air fighting is so complete that we seem to be watching an exhibition match to be decided on points, in which the death of the airman is just a point missed, spoiling the performance. Even off duty the pilots do not entirely lose this attitude of mind.

Portrait of an Airman.

"Fighter Pilot's" battles are among the most stimulating accounts of warfare that I have read; apart from their intrinsic interest, their literary quality is first-rate. The element of sensationalism in the episode where he avoids crashing, and in the episode where he crashes, could not be purer, yet it is so thoroughly subdued by the discipline of the pilot's mind—his conception of personal risk as only a minor factor in the "show"—that its presence, far from dominating, merely flavours the dish. On the ground, he is a good mixer, and an interested sightseer, with a keen appreciation of the antiquities and the people of Malta; in hospital, he is extremely observant and as nearly human as one can expect an injured demi-god to be. But perhaps I ought to qualify this. There are passages—his discourse on the Knights of Malta is an example—in which "Fighter Pilot," so to speak, takes off his uniform, divests himself of the mental attributes of his caste, and discusses problems arising from the war in general terms, as an historian and a philosopher. It is significant that he keeps these excursions in parenthesis, and they are not the less effective for being so segregated. "Tattered Battlements" is a book made out of aluminium and steel; one did not realise that the human consciousness could contain so much. Even the author's confessions of weakness—he admits to superstitions and alarm at being bombed—have the quality of strength. And what a testimony this book is to the heroism of Malta's resistance!

The Twelfth Dynasty.

Miss Joan Grant's fictional reconstructions of Ancient Egypt are a remarkable *tour de force*; learning and imagination are blended, as they were in Mrs. Naomi Mitchison's historical novels, to give a surprising effect of verisimilitude. "Lord of the Horizon" is a sequel to "The Eyes of Horus." The Twelfth Dynasty, in the person of Amenemhet I., is now established in power. Great things are expected of it, and the expectations are not disappointed; it marks the beginning of a Golden Age for the people of Egypt. But for its ruler, enlightened though he is, shadows begin to darken the horizon. His son, Senusert, a troublesome, ill-conditioned child, occasions him much anxiety. He sends Senusert to be brought up by his old friend, Ra-ab, Nomarch of the Oryx, a leading member of The Eyes of Horus, and the experiment is a complete success; in his new surroundings, Senusert loses his detestable qualities. Yet he is not out of danger, for his grandmother and evil genius, Kiosostoris the Babylonian, is plotting to get him back under her influence, and would have succeeded had not the boy's father taken violent measures to defeat her. But Pharaoh was a man of sensitive nature; the guilt of the murder of Kiosostoris ate into his soul; withdrawn, suspicious, frigid, he would see no one, and it was plain that both his sanity and his life were in jeopardy. In his retirement, the figure of his mother-in-law constantly appeared to him, urging him to suicide. There was but one way to save him—by destroying the mummy of Kiosostoris in her tomb, an undertaking of the utmost danger as well as of extreme horror. Described with great imaginative power, it makes a splendid climax to the story.

There are passages in the book where Miss Grant seems, to the layman, to be attributing to the ancient Egyptians a surprising knowledge of modern principles of psychology and psychiatry. For all I know they may have possessed it: but one wonders. The causes of Pharaoh's guilt-complex are explained in terms that might almost be used by a psycho-analyst, and there are other maladies of the spirit which seem to be described with an eye to their twentieth-century counterparts. By doing this, Miss Grant does not destroy the illusion of the past, but she fills it, retrospectively, with echoes from our own day. We enjoy her story, we welcome her insistence on the spiritual aspect of life which to the Egyptian was more real and far more important than the material; but we never forget that she has a lesson to teach.

A Human Detective.

Miss Anne Hocking's "Six Green Bottles" contains one or two pleasant surprises, notably a criminal whose nerve holds to the very last and who spares the reader that familiar, painful scene of degraded collapse. Moreover, Chief-Inspector Anstey, who is on sick leave as the result of an incautious encounter with a criminal in a previous case, remains at least a partial invalid. He does not recover his full strength after a few chapters of hardship and danger sufficient to have disabled a healthy man—as detectives are often privileged to do. And though he takes care to tie up his loose ends, he is human enough to leave one sticking out, which might have made a hole in the case for the prosecution.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Corporal Jack. By David Scott. (*Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.*)
Tattered Battlements. A Malta Diary. By "Fighter Pilot." (*Peter Davies; 7s. 6d.*)
Lord of the Horizon. By Joan Grant. (*Methuen; 9s. 6d.*)
Six Green Bottles. By Anne Hocking. (*Geoffrey Bles; 8s. 6d.*)

SLUM RENT PROBLEM MADE INTO COMEDY! "LIVING ROOM."

Dr. David Blake (PHILIP CUNNINGHAM) *and Molly Benton* (JANE BAXTER), *young Medical Officer of Health and medical student, are in love.*

LOUISE HAMPTON *as Miss Vicky Benton, one of the spinster sisters whose slender means are derived from slum property.*

Miss Vicky Benton (LOUISE HAMPTON) *and her sister, Miss Deborah Benton* (NELLIE BOWMAN), *look out old things for a jumble sale.*

"LIVING ROOM," new comedy by Esther McCracken, at the Garrick, deals in a lively and well-balanced manner with the difficulties of the housing problem. The Benton sisters are worthy spinsters whose slender income is derived from slum property rents. They are skimping and saving to educate their niece, Molly, as a doctor. Her fiancé, Dr. Blake, succeeds in getting the Misses Benton's property condemned on health grounds—obviously the right thing to do, but hard lines on the old ladies, and incidentally on the future Mrs. Blake. The problem is given a happy ending. The cast is particularly brilliant.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN VICKERS.

Miss Vicky Benton is distressed to hear that Tom (CHARLES LAMB), *husband of Meggie* (EILEEN BELDON), *has lost his job through illness.*

Sam Morrow (LLOYD PEARSON), *fishmonger, protests at the condemnation of his premises. Vicky, Deborah, Molly and Dr. Blake listen.*

Meggie Pryce helps her employer, Miss Vicky Benton, to sort out old clothes for the jumble sale.

MARRIAGE FOR ONE.*

By NORAH BURKE.

AS Penn Riley came into the bar, she saw instantly that the seat which at all costs she must have was already occupied. By a chap in khaki with a stiff, fair moustache, and two pips on his shoulder. Something about him that made you like him straightaway. The Cactus Hotel, London, has a sort of bar-lounge, you remember; it got a bit blitzed, but they tied it together and carried on. It was smelling rather of new wood and colour-wash at the time, and Penn could hear someone hammering somewhere.

Now Penn wasn't a girl to accept difficulties. A tall and graceful blonde, she took her drink from the bar and carried it towards the table, her beaver coat swinging from the shoulders as she went.

"I 'm so sorry," she said to the man at the table. "You 'll think me perfectly extraordinary, but I 'm going to ask you if you 'll be so very kind as to let me sit at this table, please. I 'm celebrating an anniversary, you see."

He rose, looking at her—at the red-purple dress and blue-purple hat—a homburg.

"Of course you can have it. Was this *your* chair?"

"Mm-mm," she nodded. Whenever she moved her head the heavy, straight hair that turned in at the ends became attractively disarranged by the fur. You noticed that, and how high her cheek-bones were—rather Norwegian.

He took his drink and moved away. Penn wanted to tell him not to bother about going, but didn't like to. Instead she said "Thanks a lot" through her cigarette, letting down her lashes rather to keep out the smoke.

She sat there fifteen minutes, then the man came back and said, "I know it 's the most incredible cheek, but d'you mean you 're celebrating alone?"

"Yes," she smiled. "It 's a wedding anniversary, and my husband 's—a prisoner of war."

"I 'm so sorry."

"Yes, it 's a bit grim," she agreed, "when you think how long the show may be going to go on, and what he 'll eat and that, but at least I can tell myself he 's safe out of it all."

"I expect he 'd rather be back in it again."

"Of course he would."

"Look, will you let me buy you a drink?"

"Well, it 's awfully nice of you, but I think I 've really had enough," she said, not very convincingly.

"What is it? Gin and lime?"

"Well—thank you, yes. If there 's any lime left."

He came back with it and a beer.

"My name 's Geoff Lingard. And yours?"

"Penn Riley. Penelope really. And two 'n's' to the Penn. I don't know why."

"I'll remember that when I write it," he promised.

"Cigarette? Yes, do. You on leave?"

"Thanks. Yes, seven days. And nowhere to go."

"That 's a pity," she said, with her eyes on him and beginning to notice how nice he was. "But you must know somebody. Where are your people?"

"My mother was in New York when war broke out. I made her stay. I haven't anyone else."

"I 'll collect some people sometime for you, if you like," she offered vaguely. "I 've got a flat."

"That 's nice of you." Then he said, "I don't suppose you 'd come out dancing with me to-night, would you?"

"Why not?"

"Oh, good! I never thought you would. I 'm afraid it 's too late for a show, though. Where shall we dance? You know all the places, I expect."

"No, I don't go out much. I 'm working quite hard, you see. Mobile first-aid unit."

"What about the Blue Bird, then?" And they fixed it up.

Geoff danced rather well—not because he knew anything about it, but he was naturally easy and at the same time resolute. She knew, the first moment he touched her, that she was going to like dancing with him.

"D'you hear from your husband?" he asked. "Where is he?"

"Stalag XX. Yes, I hear sometimes. They got him just before Dunkirk. It seems so long ago."

"Must be pretty foul for you, being alone now. That 's the worst, I find, being alone, and nobody minding——"

"I hate it too." Marriage for one, and she didn't like it a bit. But she knew she oughtn't to let him think her lonely—ought to mention her sister, who was in London, even though they couldn't share the flat. She saw the dangerous bond between herself and Geoff, but somehow she couldn't break it. It was wartime: this lad had got seven days' leave and didn't know what to do with it. Those precious days that to everyone else mean so much, to him were nothing. She felt the pity of it in her throat. She never had been able to season herself to other people's unhappiness, not even in her first-aid work in blitzed London.

Then he said, "I know how you felt to-night—that you 'd just got to come back and have a drink in the same place, however silly it was." He didn't add "and however much it hurt," but she felt him think it.

"I 'm glad you understand, Geoff," and somehow, though she hadn't quite meant it, that made another bond between them.

"You love dancing, don't you?" he challenged quietly. "Do you enjoy everything so much?"

"Some things more. Riding and swimming, f'rinstance."

"Perhaps I 'll do all those things with you one day. Soon."

"Perhaps."

His arm tightened slightly. So little that if she didn't respond, it could pass unnoticed. And she didn't respond at first; then it seemed a bit silly. In wartime, too, and she needn't let it go any further. Without doing anything, she became more protected by his arm, softer, gathered closer, her face near to his.

It was difficult not to flirt with him when her whole spirit wanted to attract him. He must be aware of it. Even though she curbed it, the force was there.

But she wouldn't meet his eyes. They were on her, demanding hers, and perhaps she would see in them a question she couldn't answer. When you were married, you had to look at men with a veil across your eyes.

"I like you being tall," he told her. "I can't dance with little girls. Their legs are too short."

"You dance awfully well," she answered, meaning it. Not just tit for tat. "It makes a lot of difference."

"Difference to what?"

"To my own dancing," she answered, skimming the ice, but they both knew she hadn't meant that. If his dancing had been the walk-and-talk kind she wouldn't have wanted to attract him as much as she did. But he held her so they danced without fault, and at the touch of him against her from shoulder to knee, her every instinct was to make him need her badly.

By the time they were in the taxi, though, Penn was beginning to feel scared of what she 'd done, and lit a cigarette hastily for a shield. Women used to use a fan for that, she thought, and now it was a tiny fire.

She stared carefully out at houses that seemed all right until you looked up through the windows and saw sky.

Geoff took a cigarette, too, but his lighter wouldn't work. She offered her own cigarette. He steadied it with his fingers about her wrist. His own was lit now, but he didn't let her go; he moved her hand and her cigarette down away from her mouth instead. With his other hand he threw his whole, newly-lit cigarette out of the window.

"I can't help it, Penn! I want to kiss you so—terribly badly."

She was lost. She knew it, the moment he touched her like that. Then his lips closed on hers, and all her leaping instincts came alive like Sleeping Beauty at the touch of the Prince.

"I 'm sorry," he said. "I know I mustn't." But he didn't go away from her.

She, too, knew it was wrong, and in a way she was bitterly ashamed of herself, but other feelings were there too. Not only a selfish consideration of her own needs, though that was strong enough, but also the pity of woman for man in wartime. She let him kiss her. It was very, very lovely to be touched by a man again.

As they came to her street he said: "When am I going to see you again? To-morrow? Please."

"All right. To-morrow."

He kissed her again. A parting kiss, natural and uncomplicated, as if she already belonged to him.

She got out of the taxi, hat in hand and hair disarranged, but not by her coat this time. Her cheeks were hot as she rose in the lift, let herself out, let herself into the flat. She closed the door behind her, lit another cigarette and pushed her hair about, then slowly came to a standstill, her eyes remembering.

It was late, after midnight, but she went to the 'phone, stood there dialling, with the purple homburg beside her, and smoke uncurling from her cigarette on the table edge.

"Darling, I 'm sorry," she said, when she 'd got through to her sister. "Curse me all you want. I knew you 'd be asleep, but I had to get it fixed at once. Yes, of course, if you like! Well, can you come over to-morrow evening? It 's very important. I 've got a man I specially want you to meet. I think—he 's going to like you."

THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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NO trimming finds greater favour than wings for the adornment of hats. They are well represented in the Gorringe collection and are arranged in a variety of ways. They look ultra-smart in the navy-blue fancy straw hat above. A strong point in its favour is that subsequently it is quite a simple matter to renovate it. If desired, flowers may be substituted for the wings.

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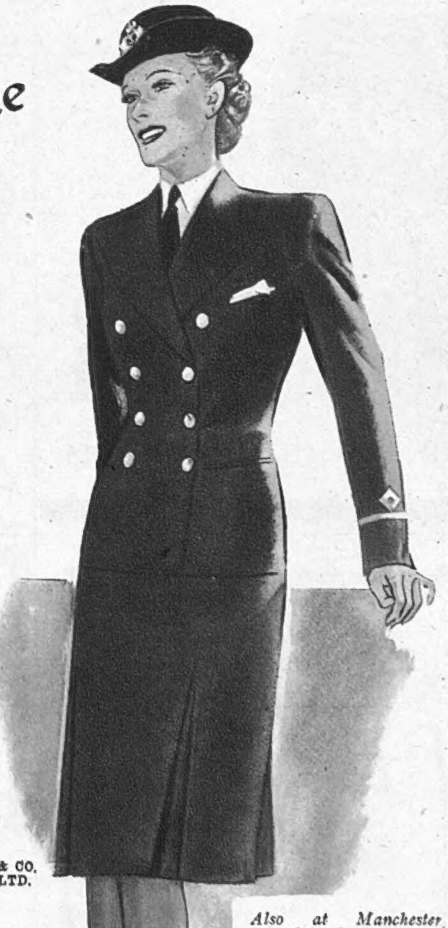

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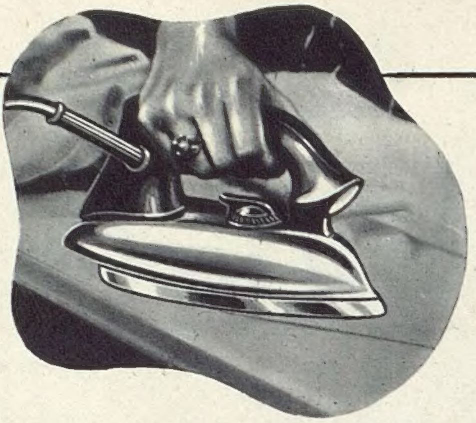

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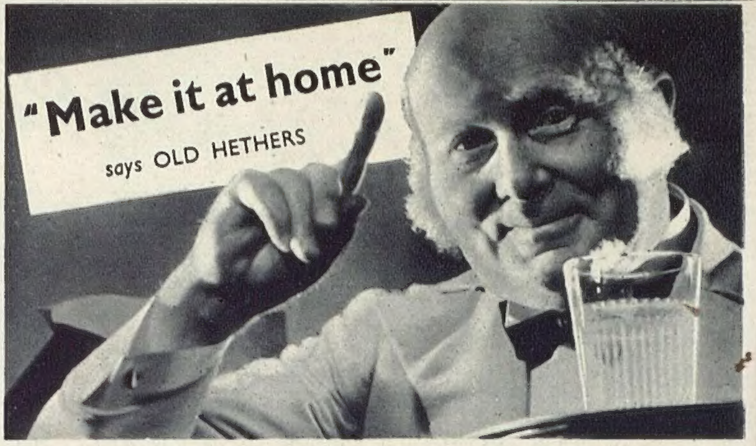

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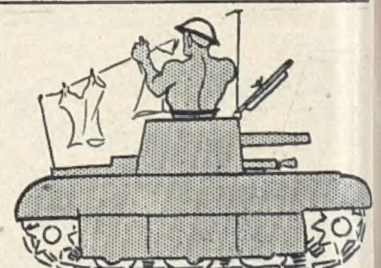

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